

SERVICES, ETC., ETC.

— Father Hyacinthe has decided to postpone his visit to America until next February.

— Three essentials of the church are divided into three parts, namely, of Word, and charity in life.—*Schoolcraft.*

— To the question, "Where did the reformation begin?" a religious writer answers: "It began where a revival always begins, in the heart of a man."

— Mr. Ingersoll, according to *The Christian Union*, knows no more about the Christian religion than a boy would know of a chess game from picking his fingers with the burr.

— Catholics, the first and most prominent of the Ritualists, are in New York city, proved to be a failure. The building has been sold to the Church of the Epiphany, and is a tremendously low church.

— Rev. Father Conway, who has long past been the pastor of St. Patrick's church in Chicago, has been appointed to the vicar generalship of his diocese, an appointment which carries with it the rectorship of the cathedral.

— The Salvation army recently held its a general conference at New York.

—The funeral of Rev. Edwin A. Dalrymple, well-known Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore, took place in that city on Wednesday, and attended by nearly all the Episcopal clergymen of that city, and by several from Maryland and District of Columbia.

—The *Congregationalists* advise people to give very little heed to donating runners to the Congregational creed committee are making to do. It happens to know, it says, that which some people have been given to understand in regard to the committee and their aims "is not only unauthorized but misleading."

—Methodist preachers are proverbially good men, but Baltimore has one, the Rev. J. G. Goucher, who is not of that class. He offered \$7,000 to buy lots for the Theological School of the University of Virginia, provided the General Assembly of the Methodist Episcopal Church should appoint a married man to take charge of the school.

—Mr. Jefferson, the actor, has incurred the displeasure of the Ladies' Sabbath Association of St. Louis by acting there Sunday. He explained that he was averse to playing on Sunday, but only agreed to do so in St. L. because the committee will approve the measure.

— Rev. Arthur Hall, an English clergyman being annoyed by snoring during his preaching the other day, stopped in his sermon and said: "I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose. But, while proud at being able to induce the blessed sleep, I wish it were distinctly understood that I draw the line at snoring. There is somebody snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if someone will waken him."

is just now going the rounds:—Philip Phillips, the "singing pilgrim," wrote Myron Whitney, asking if he would aid in some service sacred song, and, as if to hint that no so pecuniary consideration should be expected, Jesus, himself "Philip Phillips, singing." The hint was taken, and in reply Whitney wrote his terms, and, asking if Lord was not really able to pay his price was a poor human, showed himself "Myron Whitney, singing for stamps."

—What, after all, is the difference," often asked, "between a Presbyterian and a congregational church?" As to the internal agreement, not much. A Presbyterian session is a Congregational standing committee amount to about the same thing. Only the committee must be cautious about moving without consulting the whole brotherhood. "I'm willing my wife should drive," said John Newton, "if she will give me the reins when I want them." If the committee understands to lose too freely, there is friction. —Chicago Advertiser

"'Do you believe in predestination?' inquired a Mississippi steamboat captain of a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Then you believe that whatever is to be will be?" "Certainly." "Well, I'm glad of it." "Why?" "Because I'm going to pass that boat ahead just fifteen consecutive minutes, if there is any virtue in pine knots and safety valves, and if there is any power in the gods, I shall go ahead to burst they won't, that's all." Upon that the divine began to put on his hat and looked as if he was going to back out, which the captain observing remarked, "I thought that you believed in predestination." "So I do, but I prefer to be safe."

— Now that punched and otherwise mutilated coins are refused by almost all shopkeepers, business people, and even by the street car conductors, it is asked, Who takes them and where?

inquiry is made of the gentlemen who have the church collections. They report that a great deal of punched silver is received, that much of it is in quarter dollars and half dollars.

so much of this sadness is done in coin, with people could not otherwise get rid of that in so many quarters. The churches are reaping a perceptible and solid advantage from it. This being the case, they have no disposition to denounce the practice severely. When they have a large quantity of this variety of coin on hand they sell it at a slight discount.

— The 9th Massachusetts regiment arrived at Boston on Sunday evening, and was met by the 1st regiment, which acted as an escort of honor. "A great deal of delay and display took place."

says the *Congregationalist*, "after which, surrounded by surging and shouting crowds, it marched to Faneuil Hall, where the city fathers took their collation, and after the due amount of drinking, singing and miscellaneous confusion all dispersed to their homes. We regard the whole transaction as a disgrace to the city, an insult to its Christian citizens of all creeds. It is no secret that the regiment about whom this fuss was made brought no credit to Massachusetts during their excursion, and such a sale desecration of the Lord's day on their

A business man recently asked *The Boston Herald* why gospel cars should not be attached to the rear of passenger trains. The paper's Editor, Conductor Harris, of the Old Colony Branch, answers through the same paper that the suggestion is a practical one. He writes: "There are hundreds of Christian men, who delight in the worship of God, who spend from six to twelve months of the year in the city, in home and business. Now why not utilize this time to the glory of God? What a fitting time would be for the business of the day. Instead of the usual seats, which are arranged in rows, the seats arranged facing the center of the car, instead of epitaphs have a carpet; instead of cards have Bibles and Gospel song books. I venture to say that the railroad experience that the traveler has is practical."

—The *Sunday School Times* apply takes off the auctioneer-like way in which some leaders of music play the singing-master in the hours of exercises of worship: "If the Sunday school singing school, then the manner of singing ought to receive a large share of attention. The singing school is a sacred hour the singing is a part of its exercises of worship the teaching of music ought to be arranged for a definite purpose. It is not to be interrupted for the purpose of giving singing lessons. If it is right to run two things together—worship, and method of singing—then the service of worship is the service of prayer. Imagine a school of

that in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven"—Hold on there," says the superintendent. "You are not to say 'Our Father' now. Not then?" "Our Father." "Stop! Not 'Our Father' but 'Our Father.' Now, once more 'Our Father who art in heaven.' " "Not 'Our Father' but 'Our Father.' " "Stop! Not 'Our Father' but 'Our Father.' " "Now, once more but your Father in heaven that you are addressing is God." "Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." "That word 'hallowed' is to be pronounced with a low, earnest tone, as if it out as if you were driving oxen. A gateway of *promoting* reverence that would be wouldn't it? Did you ever hear anything that sort in the service of praise?"

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose boats these are I am tumbled over in the mill race?" "The boats are the people, Mrs. Sage. Very polite of you to call them 'ferry boats.' I didn't say 'ferry boats, Mrs. Sage, you

understood me—my love, I said, my friend."